UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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THREE COUNSELLORS

It was the fairy of the place,
Moving within a little light,
Who touched with dim and shadowy grace
The conflict at its fever height.

It seemed to whisper "Quietness,"
Then quietly itself was gone;
Yet echoes of its mute caress
Were with me as the years went on.

It was the warrior within
Who called, "Awake, prepare for fight:
Yet lose not memory in the din:
Make of thy gentleness thy might:

"Make of thy silence words to shake
The long-enthroned kings of earth:
Make of thy will the force to break
Their towers of wantonness and mirth."

It was the wise all-seeing soul
Who counselled neither war nor peace:
"Only be thou thyself that goal
In which the wars of time shall cease."

—*A. E.*

What a sad prostitution of a great name is that when a band of "Lorimer Republicans," reactionary traditionalists, undertake to conjure by the name of Lincoln. Has it come to this, that such people should try to save their face by calling themselves the Lincoln Club?

Governor Woodrow Wilson justified the confidence of his friends who think him a man above party and geographical lines, when he went to Indianapolis, picked up their successful Superintendent of Schools, Professor C. M. Kendall, and made him Commissioner of Education for the State of New Jersey. Other educators, and still more particularly educational boards, will do well to follow the example of the progressive Governor. The "in-and-in-breeding," the "encouraging of home products," which too often prevails with school boards will never beget the highest results. Get the best there is in the market whenever it is offered, is the better rule.

A private letter from our Associate, Edwin D. Mead, written in London, says:

We held campaign meetings in Edinborough, Dundee, Hull and Nottingham, and are just beginning our work in London. The excitement here over the Lords' Bill is intense. The thing will be settled, and I am sure settled rightly, this week. How the English people have tolerated so long and so patiently so preposterous a Senate as the House of Lords, always allied to one party, is amazing.

The meetings referred to were held under the auspices of the Peace Congress organizations. Last week Mr. Mead addressed the prophetic "Universal Races Congress" in London, his subject being "International Organization for Inter-racial Good Will." We hope to give our readers the full text of this address at an early date.

W. Clyde Jones, whose name we have been glad to mention in these columns as a leader of the most progressive element of the Republican party, recently delivered in East St. Louis what the paper calls the "opening cannon in the Illinois Primary fight." He declares for the Referendum and Initiative and Recall, the direct election of Senators and National Convention delegates, an advisory vote on President, a "Corrupt Practice" act, which will require the publication of campaign expenses before and after election, the strengthening of bribery laws, the destruction of the "spoil" system, preventing the use of patronage as a means of bribery, the strengthening of the Civil Service law, and the "Short Ballot," electing the fewest possible men to do the work, and demanding that all of them be efficient. He held up Wisconsin, California, Oregon and New Jersey as model states for Illinois to follow.

The recent Prison Congress did a very rational thing in insisting that the earnings of convicts should be used in part at least for the benefit of those dependent upon them. There is no satisfactory excuse for sending a man to prison, where his wages are cut off entirely, leaving his family to pauperism. His children and his wife, often constituting large families, and generally incompetent to take care of themselves, are made to suffer the penalty more than the prisoner himself. Pennsylvania now proposes that men convicted of deserting their wives and families and leaving them destitute shall be set to work at some profitable occupation, and their wages paid to their deserted families. There is not only justice in this proposition but common sense. It is one more item in the general charge that our public affairs are not conducted on business principles. If Senator Aldrich can save three hun-

dred millions by reducing Government expenses to a business system, we can save in other directions on a similar scale.

The program for the Sixth Annual Session of the Tower Hill Woman's Congress is nearly complete. These meetings, beginning Friday night, August 11, and ending Sunday evening, August 13, will close according to custom the very successful session of the Tower Hill Summer School. The following are some of the subjects and speakers to be presented: The opening address will be given by the President, Miss Lutie E. Stearns, on "What is Happening in the American Home"; Mrs. Lucy Page Steele, of Washington, D. C., will speak on "The Work of the Woman's Welfare League of the National Civic Federation"; Miss Mary Turner, of Oshkosh, "Some Modern Phases of Education"; Wilbur C. Phillips, of Milwaukee, "Child Welfare Work"; Mr. C. G. Galpin, of Madison, "Survey of Rural Communities, What May be Accomplished Through United Effort"; Rev. J. H. Bullock, of Richland Centre, "What Our Community Has Done for Civic Betterment"; William Toole, Skillet Creek, "The Farmers' Neighborhood Club"; Mrs. W. P. Leak, "The Improvement of the Home"; Mrs. W. H. Crosby, Racine, "An Old-fashioned Thing"; Dr. Bertha B. Thompson, of Oshkosh, "Woman's Dress and Woman's Health." Sunday morning the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y., and Rev. Frank A. Gilmore, of Madison, will speak, and Sunday afternoon Jenkin Lloyd Jones will give a Memorial Address on Julia Ward Howe. Sunday evening Bert Hall, of Milwaukee, will speak on the "Big Brother Movement," and the Rev. O. C. Helming, Pastor of the University Congregational Church of Chicago, will speak. The accommodations of Tower Hill will be fully occupied by the delegates, members and invited guests, but interested visitors will probably find on application accommodation at the Hillside Home School or the village hotel in Spring Green, three miles away.

Scribner's for August has a note on the "Clergy in Fiction" that provokes comment. It starts out with this statement:

> "Old as well as reprehensible is the habit of inserting into a comedy of manners, the lay figure of a clergyman for the single bald purpose of poking fun at him."

From this text the writer proceeds to review the "Stock Company Clergyman" in letters for two hundred years, and a sorry lot it is that is conjured before the imagination of the fiction reader. Macaulay is quoted as saying that the preacher figured largely in the comedy of the Seventeenth Century. The preacher as an ameliorating element in society, a worthy factor in the community, it would seem, has scarcely yet entered fiction. But this writer apparently forgets the good Bishop in "Les Miserables," and the struggling Gerard, who so tragically copes with the superstition and dogmatism of his day in the "Cloister and the Hearth," though he does remind us that the "free thinker," George Eliot, has given us Mr. Fairbrother, in "Middlemarch," and Dr. Kim, in the "Mill on the Floss," and he might have mentioned "Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. He seems to expect better things in the future, remembering the "Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock," Owen Wister's "Bishop of the Plains," and Mrs. DeLand's "Dr. Lavender." But this editor misses his opportunity when he closes with no higher request than that Mr. Cable, Mr. Wister, or another, would some time portray for us "the fox-hunting parson of Old Virginia." Find us the novelist who will paint us the plain, honest, earnest friend of the poor, the counselor of the young, the comforter of the aged, the man who enjoys the confidence and comradeship of the college-trained physician, teacher and lawyer of the community in which he lives; the man who is not only a persistent student of public welfare, but diligent in the application of his studies; the man who helps organize, and who oftentimes is most skillful in executing associated charities and civic reforms; the man who is generally the best informed man in the community on social problems, who, while interested in the politics of his day is to a degree independent of the partisan spirit; the man who reads science, and tries to interpret its conclusions in terms of ethics; the man who, while trying to serve the present, would appreciate and conserve the past. This kind of a preacher may be a stranger in the realm of romance, but he is not a stranger in real life, his number is multitude, and the man of letters worthy the name will find him in country side and in villages and cities small and large. Ibsen demonstrated his contemporary vision by putting into most of his social dreams a physician as a man of science, public spirited, progressive; a greater than Ibsen who would interpret the real forces of society as it is today in poetry, fiction or drama, will find thousands of these clergymen to his hand if he be gifted with the open vision. One but needs to read the history of our own country and watch the forces at work, to realize how extensive is this neglected material lying all around the modern novelist, material which he seems not to see. Let the names of Channing, Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Bushnell, Bishop Whipple, Phillips Brooks, Henry W. Bellows and Robert Collyer, and the many followers of whom these are but the more conspicuous representatives, suggest to the man of letters the long line that permeates modern society with sanity.

"This is philosophy: to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things extensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last."

"Remember the Maine!"

An ominous silence seems to have fallen upon the American Press concerning the work in the Havana Harbor that is bringing to the light of day again the buried hulk of the lamented, lamentable battleship that bore the heroic name of "Maine"; but we are told there is great enterprise manifested by the Spanish journals, and that the papers of Spain are full of vivid illustrations and jubilant headlines.

Perhaps the most that is to be exepected from the American side is a report that the cause of the explosion is still a mystery and will always remain so. Be that as it may, we believe that there is already a settled conclusion in all quarters that the unfortunate fate of the "Maine" was visited upon it by one of the numerous internal defects and aptitudes to accident which characterize all the highly complex contrivances entering into a modern battleship. If this be true, the "Maine" is only one, albeit the cruelest "accident" of many that have visited the American Navy since the invention of the "ironclad."

The full revealments of the Havana Bay catastrophe may perhaps bring about a sad but needed disillusion, and the horrible sacrifice of life may not be wholly useless if it leaves its permanent lesson,—a distrust of the passions, a growing confidence in the calmness and deliberation of the sober second thought.

"Remember the Maine!" was in 1896 the exciting cry on city streets and in country villages. It was screamed from the recruiting platform and printed in scarcely less screeching headlines. It was uttered with bated breath between the beats of the recruiting drum, as young patriots took the soldier's oath, turned their backs on home and peace and faced war and death.

Of course there were other diplomatic, patriotic and humanitarian interests that precipitated the United States of America into a war with Spain. Of course the ostensible reasons and the recorded justification of the same to be found in the archives of the Government make no account of the "Maine" mystery, but those who lived through that period cannot doubt for one moment that the misfortune of the "Maine" fanned the war spirit into a flame. It made the recruiting lively, it was the last precipitant dropped into a solution already full of explosive material, and the lamentable war—what war is not lamentable?—followed.

"Remember the Maine!" in 1896 meant for the enlisted man, "Avenge your comrades"; meant to the young man in civic life, "Resent the insult to the flag, vindicate the honor of the United States, prove the superiority of Democracy to Monarchy, down with Despotism! out on the degenerate Spaniard! banish the base intruder from the western hemisphere! now is the time to assert the Monroe Doctrine,—America for Americans!"

"Remember the Maine!" in 1896 meant to the politician a chance to demonstrate the virility of the administration, an opportunity to unite the Republican factions; it meant something worth while for the Republican incumbents to do.

"Remember the Maine!" in 1896 meant to the statesman, particularly south of the extinct and well-nigh forgotten Mason and Dixon's line, an opportunity to forget old hurts, to reconcile the old factions, to cement again the broken brotherhood between the North and the South. These "statesmen," with heartless logic, consoled broken-hearted mothers, widowed wives and blighted sweethearts with the assurance that the blood shed on San Juan Hill, the Spanish soldiers killed and the Americans maimed, were profitable investments, quite worth the while, because the boys from Georgia and the boys from Minnesota stood side by side; because the commanders who wore the Grey and those who wore the Blue in '61 to '65, fought together for the routing of the Spaniard.

"Remember the Maine!" in 1896 meant to the men of science,—the engineers and the tacticians,—a much needed opportunity to test their inventions, to prove their mechanisms and to bring the discipline of the Army and Navy up to war standards.

"Remember the Maine!" in 1911, only fifteen years later, means to the wise student of history, what a bad way of doing the right thing! what a cruel way of helping the oppressed! How unjust was our estimate of our "enemy"; for, at the end, all that needed doing might have been accomplished by diplomacy and reason and the arts of peace, without the horrible demoralization of war.

"Remember the Maine!" means today, remember the sad degeneracy of the United States when it fell into a "World Power," when it began to mouth the words that are an offense to Democracy, namely, "conquest," "possession," "dependencies," "subject races," and "conquered territory."

"Remember the Maine!" in 1911 means: Remember how what began in an impulse to befriend the weak ended in a wild hilarity over the conquest of an innocent and remote people. In fifteen years only, the old patriotism enkindled by this cry has turned out to be a humiliation, a perplexity, an unsolved embarrassment, a confessed disappointment.

"Remembering the Maine!" we are now able to see that the Spaniards had their perplexities with their dependencies, and we have inherited their perplexities and are always in imminent danger of repeating their mistakes and sharing their dishonor.

"Remembering the Maine!" we see how we exaggerated the degeneracies and underestimated the excellences of the Spanish world in Europe and Amer-

ica. In these fifteen years we have learned much that is admirable in the Spanish-American countries. The readers of UNITY, through the frequent contributions of Frederick Starr and others, have often been reminded that the North American people with their North European background, the boasted Anglo-Saxon cult, have much to learn even in the realm of art, the industries and commerce, from the South American people with their Spanish background.

"Remembering the Maine!" one is led to inquire whether, in the Spanish-American War, we have not another illustration of the old Bible paradox: "It is better to go to a house of mourning than a house of feasting." That war did more for Spain, the "conquered," than it did for the United States, the "conqueror."

"Remember the Maine!" is a phrase still to conjure by, but now it is an appeal to reason, an invitation to sympathy, and, above all, a prod to our consciences, a call for us to amend our mistakes, to replume our ideals, to distrust our passions, to discount our provincialisms, to avoid the patriotism that engenders hatred, to believe more and more in the arts of peace, to distrust more and more the glamor of war, the fallacies of cannon arguments and "big stick" logic.

"Remembering the Maine," we will regret our haste, confess our blunders, love our enemies, and hasten to make amends for the indignity offered to Democracy in the way we acquired "possession" (!) of the Philippines, and for many things that have transpired in our treatment of the same.

GENESIS

Who am I that I count this body mine?
Who measured out the elemental stuff
And balanced each to each, so much
Of this to what should be of that? And said
The balance struck was only aver weight
Of meat and bone and animal? Whence came
The color-curtains side by side, a-shift
With such pure ease? Who sprung the arch
Which swings the temple-dome of God in man?
Whose hand laid back the throne-room and went in
And fixed the convolutions row on row
And brushed the unborn dust of heritage
Into the corner and then went away
To do a further service? Where was I
When nature's color-card put tint and tone
Into the artery and sent it forth
Pounding its unwrit message down the world
From dome to basement, from the center-rim
To furthermost circumference? And when
The finished thing lay, dust and ash
Upon the threshold of the physical,
Who spoke the word and breathed the breath
That it became a living soul, endowed
With spirit, personality and God?
And need I name a name and say a date
To fix the record of the Infinite
Across a little world I call my home
When he has many worlds and many homes
Within the hollow of his mighty hand?

Humboldt, Iowa, Unity Manse. HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

THE PULPIT

Civic Idealism

III. THE CITY BEAUTIFUL AS A PRACTICAL PLAN

By EDWIN A. RUMBALL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Man has always passed from one stage of appreciation to another, but it was a notable day in his evolution when there came to his soul the hunger for the beautiful. This gave every assurance of becoming a joy forever. Then it was that the slave became the beloved wife, the shelter became the home, and man began to see in all things the possibilities of harmony and gracefulness. The passing from the City Commercial to the City Beautiful, where Beauty becomes a commercial asset is but the modern widening of this growing vision. It is sometimes thought that a plan for a city is a subject only for city engineers, architects and real estate men. But if the whim of these men has decided the manner of growth which the city has had in the past, we cannot say that their work justifies us in still leaving it in their hands. The legitimate desire of men to express themselves, their wishes and ideals, has become an exploitation of the desires of others. To only see the industrial possibilities of a city and endeavor to use all things, waters for power, lands for buildings, hills for gravel, to bring about industrial success may be a tremendous trespass on the rights of those who see more permanent good in rivers and falls and hills.

It was a great day for our city when a group of citizens financially able to carry out their wish, decided that we could have a plan and that whatever senseless development there might be in the future, it would not be done in ignorance of the true vision. If any criticism is to be made of the work of our Civic Improvement Committee it is that they have obtained the plan for the people before obtaining the people for the plan. It does not do to assume that such things can come to pass without the wish and enthusiasm of the people behind them. Had we gone slowly and by a thorough civic betterment campaign shown the need for a plan, there would be more support of it now, and politicians would see reasons for its adoption. "Public opinion is not found ready made," and until we are able to show the politicians what voters want, we must not expect them to want it.

We choose to advocate the city plan this week, because with the civic idealism which should always form part of our spiritual idealism, it is also a step forward towards that city of our vision when all that is petty, mean, ugly, and unjust shall have passed away and the lives of the men, women and children in our homes shall thereby be made happier.

First, let us say that by the City Beautiful we mean the City and not only a street or a first-class residential district. Ruskin has said somewhere, "We require of buildings as of men, two kinds of goodness, first, the doing their practical duty well, then that they be graceful and pleasing in doing it." The life artists of today also require this of cities. To be beautiful our cities need more than a few fine residential streets and majestic civic centers, the homes and buildings

must fulfill in a graceful manner their function as such. In our own city we have thousands of homes, rich ones and poor ones, old ones and new ones, that splendidly fulfill the requirement; on the other hand we have far too many which challenge our civic righteousness to bring them in line with the best. Our city will deserve no tribute as the City Beautiful until our slums are gone and our show streets are all streets.

When we speak of the City Beautiful as practical we mean that it can be realized if steadily worked for, and that it is economically desirable. This will appear as we proceed. The charge that the modern planning for beautiful cities is impractical, hardly bears analysis. It is true that the plans that were early made for our cities, when the aesthetic was unduly prominent among our city planners, contained some that were extravagant and impractical, but this is not so any longer. Today a great deal of careful thought is given to the beauty of our utilities and the utility of our beauty. The jeer of the so-called practical man who lives from hand to mouth, from hand to mind and from immediate need to his principles does not demand serious attention. The business world has quite decided that it is practical to have a vision. The business men who are failing today are mostly those without vision, and if a city tries to develop without a goal, changing its course and development with every party that blows, there is only one thing that will happen, it will be wrecked. You laugh at the idealist because he has not attained, but he is a good deal safer than those who profess nothing to attain. Herein is part of the answer for the poor tax-payer who is resentful when he sees the grand, immense buildings and improvements which our city planners give us. Beauty can be had for the same money as ugliness and when its acquirement is spread over scores of years there is no reason why taxes should be very much higher, if any, than they are now. We have outgrown certain buildings and new ones must soon be built; the planner says, build for the future and build beautifully and conveniently. The impractical, senseless city is the visionless, planless city.

The same nervous charge is made at the general civic improvement and planning which would allow a large place to human considerations and would extend the work and function of the city into new paths. Things as they are are right, but not right enough, for

> "Each age is a dream that is dying,
> Or one that is coming to birth."

It may seem very strange to some that one of our Western States should pass a law for compulsory playgrounds, but in view of the ultimate human returns in health, vitality and good citizenship, it is the most sensible thing for the practical city to do. Discussions of infant mortality in our cities sometimes take knowledge of the high death rate among our poor families, and the high birth rate, with consequent lack of care, has been quoted as the cause of the trouble. It may partly be so, but someone must explain why the death rate in most cities is 14 per 1,000 and in garden cities is as low as 4.

One of the first requirements in civics as in religion is to be civically born again. It is wonderful how differently the civically regenerate and unregenerate look upon their city. The unregenerate sees only a chance for the self-expression which is exploitation and selfishness. If he looks at our hills and river his unregenerate imagination can only see gravel and water power. But if his eyes should be opened, why, behold, all things will have become new, and everywhere he walks he will see a new city which he can help grow out of the old. Every street and house, every alley and vacant lot will have a fresh significance. If he sees a tenement he will instinctively become anxious to know how people and children live in it. If his eyes rest on a large factory, he will find such questions as these demanding answer in his heart: Is there a fire escape? Are the exits cleared? What are the sanitary conditions? What wages are paid? What dividends given out?

The streets will have a new meaning for him, and here it will be seen that his new vision has not robbed him of his business sense. For beauty and attractiveness are economic gains. If the street is full of advertising obstructions, over-hanging signs, and other eye-sores, he will soon decide that it is more profitable to have the sidewalk full of people rather than advertising obstructions. He will discover that when one side of a street has fine municipal buildings, hotels and banks, it is a distinct loss to allow the stores on the opposite side to attract by tawdry signs. Make it the cleanest, best lighted, roomiest street in the city, artistic and convenient and you will not lack trade. Many men who visit the city draw their impression of it by just what they see from the station to the hotel. It is usually out of the way of their business to see our show streets. If our business section is attractive, the whole city gains so much value in the eyes of outsiders and our field of sales is thereby increased. So one might go on to show that the satisfaction of our sense of the beautiful and convenient is also financially desirable. Widening and extension of the business section instead of the spread of sky-scrapers, advertising posts as in some German cities instead of bill boards, are all features of the City Beautiful which can make appeal for their material desirability.

But as in all other truly practical enterprises a man needs to be something of an idealist to be convinced of his duty. Take the subject of housing, probably the hardest element in all city planning. Not only are proper fire laws and tenement laws wanted but proper landlords. The unattractive, filthy-looking homes which make many wish for some kind of a City Beautiful, are so because wages are low and rents are high and dividends are large. We must soon have some community control of the exploitation of the modern home through its rent. In a talk recently with Raymond Unwin, the architect of the Garden cities of England, I asked concerning the proportion of wage which went in rent in the model homes that he built in England and was told that it was one-fifth and one-sixth. I turned to one who was about to build cheap model homes in our own city and asked what he found here and learned that one-third and one-fourth of our laborers' wage went in rent. I asked the Englishmen what dividend his property paid and he replied four per cent; I asked the American and he replied eight per cent. I repeat that we need our idealism to see that the four-per-cent-too-much-dividend which we receive is very expensive to the community and means a menace to the homes from which we expect true citizenship. Indeed, it is more than this. The moral code of the days that are coming will make it immoral and even

criminal to build on all the lot, and collect such exorbitant rents. Four per cent won't buy automobiles for the landlord, but who said that homes were to be hurt that he might have automobiles? Gifford Pinchot was right in saying that "any act which adds to the difficulty with which ordinary men and women are able decently to keep alive raises a moral issue."

This same idealism is needful that we do not exploit the future. All exploitation reacts in revenge and loss. We need the perspective of the centuries, for the fiftieth century is going to count some things very valuable that we are neglecting, wasting and exploiting today. One would almost think that doomsday was to be in the next fifty years to judge by our indifferent preparation for the future. The world is young, very young, and the one great obligation laid on our youthful shoulders is to win the thanks of the on-coming centuries by preparing for someone else's success, laying the foundations of the beautiful lives and the beautiful homes of the future. Let it at least be part of our religion that no man serves God aright unless his service to God means service to his fellows in the future as well as today, by doing his share to leave the city more beautiful, convenient, healthier, happier, full of streets and parks and homes fit for God and his children to dwell in.

Address

By Tomas Ceron Camargo, Delegate-General of the Hispano-American University, at San Juan, Puerto Rico

In UNITY for April 27, 1911, we printed a note concerning the Hispano-American University. Dr. Tomas Ceron Camargo, Delegate-General of the University, has recently been conducting a propaganda in Puerto Rico. On June 16 he delivered a lecture at the Ateneo in San Juan, which has a triple interest: (1) it is an example of Latin-American oratory; (2) it outlines the plan and purpose of the University; (3) it fairly represents the attitude of thoughtful people in Latin-America to us and to our policies. For these reasons we have translated the lecture from the original Spanish as printed in the *Heraldo Epanol* of San Juan, Puerto Rico, for June 17, 18, 19. FREDERICK STARR.

Ladies, Gentlemen:

By one of the happy circumstances of life I have the honor of addressing you tonight. In circumstances like these St. Paul, the apostle, presented himself in the Areopagus of Athens to announce the unknown God; I come not to announce God, but to speak of fraternity, not unknown indeed between us but forgotten.

My theme is the Latin-American confraternity, whose symbol is the Hispano-American University, whose motto is "Liberty, Science, Peace," and whose apostles are men of the significance of the very noble and illustrious President of Salvador, Doctor don Manuel Enrique Araujo, the members of the Supreme University Council, and the generous Special Delegates of the Institution,—all Chevaliers Bayard of the Latin-American race, without reproach and without fear, and a legion of men of good will among the most eminent of America and Europe.

The fraternity which I announce to you comes from a Continent not very distant from this Island. Your brothers-in-blood have sent me here to tell you that they love you, that they have the same origin as you and that our affinities and relationship impose on us the obligation of dealing with one another and of living henceforth as members of one same family.

You know that yonder, on the Continent, is a race of men who, like you, preserve yet their ancient family estates, and who live according to their patriarchal customs, but who are free and have a fatherland. You know what are the fatherlands of your brothers. You know that in those lands there float twixt earth and sky many flags with rainbow hues and that these glorious ensigns are tinged with the blood of our heroes and of our martyrs. These flags are yours also.

These countries are impressively beautiful; the elevated peaks of the Cordilleras, proudly reared upon their bases, boldly pierce the clouds and shroud themselves in the eternal snows, emblem of the pride and arrogance which liberty and independence, conquered by our ancestors by blood and fire, when blood and fire were necessary for the conquest of liberty, impose upon us. Our lovely cities tenderly resting upon the mountain slopes, enclose in their bosoms a world of memories of gallant histories, brave and picturesque, while occupying the minds of the poets, and moving the hearts and emotions of the observant. Our fertile valleys offer the fruits of all climes and of all latitudes. Our rivers are like seas in which the vessels which plough them safely trust their keels in the coming and going of the Twentieth Century civilization. Our sky is ever blue, clear and serene, and from it our bards draw their inspiration to sing the incomparable beauty and the imposing grandeur of this world. In our elevated forests the jaguar and panther roar, the boa-constrictor hisses frightfully and the bear and wild-cat seize their prey; the eagles build their nests upon the butting crags of the Cordillera; the "sovereign of the Andes" displays upon his head "a crown which God has given him" and displays proudly on his throat the collar with which Nature has decorated him for his bold excursions through the infinite expanse; the crown of palm fronds balances itself gracefully above the slender trunk with the graceful elegance of a maid of fifteen summers, and the cocoa-palm offers its tender fruit; thyme and orange-blossom, sweet jasmine and mignonette, load the air with perfume and the lemon trees bloom ever "above their green foliage." All is splendor, aroma, color and light in our lands.

You have not the same variety in your fauna, but your flora and your soil are the same nature as our own, which proves eloquently that not only the inhabitants of these lands, but our very soil have a common origin, one single mother, Spain, and one sole fatherland which Atlantis gave us.

Ladies and gentlemen, not very far from this island you have your continental brothers with the sweet simplicity of your customs and joys. They love you and you know it not. There, songs of love and friendship are intoned for Puerto Rico and you have remained facing northward, from where you have nothing to expect, and have turned your back upon us; but know it well: Latin-America loves you, your brothers of the Continent think of you; in them you may have the support you need. Hear what they say to you: "Oh Puerto Rican, awake from this lethargy which does not let you hear our voices of affection and does not permit you to see our arms extended and open to embrace you."

When the Hispano-American University was or-

ganized our first glances were toward Puerto Rico and from the beginning a great part of our efforts have had for end the dignity and grandeur of this land. When the institution began its career, I was named as a representative, in your midst, of its ideals; then in extending its connections through the Continent and the Antilles, we desired to attach the Puerto Ricans by a cord of sympathy to this intellectual confederation, which ought to draw us from the abandonment and indifference in which we have lived till now and of which our enemies have taken advantage to demoralize and weaken us.

Until the present there have been few who have occupied themselves in looking beyond in order to examine the history of our neighbors, to establish relations with them and to admire their deeds and their works, but since the initiation of this movement we have begun to exchange messages across space; we now begin to see how worthy of interest are our brothers and that there is yet time to give impulse to the love for liberty.

In spite of the fact that we, in many places, encounter instead of the traditional valor and dignity of our ancestors, weaknesses and meanness of character and that the Spartan virtue of our fathers has been replaced by the spirit of criticism and espionage, there is yet time to check corruption and to turn to unitedly carry out our plans for conquering our rights to civilization.

Isolation ordinarily gives birth to all these faults, because there are neither examples nor stimuli. Beyond all these ills is something serious, which requires all our care, to which we ought to give all our attention, and consideration of which ought to move us toward solidarity:—it is this: In the hemisphere which we inhabit there are two great races, whose ideals and aspirations are the same; but their methods of procedure are absolutely different and, if you please, antagonistic. I speak of the Anglo-Americans and the Latin-Americans. Geographically it is indicated that we both ought to consider America entire as our common fatherland and liberty as our inheritance; but sociologically, our tendencies and inclinations separate us into two great portions, each of which desires for itself *supremacy,* in case an equilibrium is impossible in the western hemisphere; this, on account of the little or no knowledge which we have of one another. In Latin-America, with rare exceptions, we only know adventurers, whom by the law of induction, we picture to ourselves of the same kind and character as all the strangers who visit us from North America. In English-America on the other hand, and with very honorable exceptions, only Latin-America's diplomatists are known, cultured and delicate folk, almost all of weak character, jealous of the triumphs of their brothers (colleagues) and complaisant to the point of culpability with the foreigner. But not all Anglo-Americans are like the bad people whom we know here, nor are all Latin-Americans what our diplomatic representatives appear in the North. In both parts of the Continent there are people of ideals, of honor and noble soul, who live in ignorance of one another. If the good people of English-America knew the good people of Latin-America; if they knew what are our tendencies and orientations; if they knew that we work to attain perfectionment, but that their governors do not permit us to do so on account of those very adventurers whom they send us and on account of the American imperialistic spirit, they would not consider us the inferior race, which in the North all the world thinks ought to yield place to the superior race of the hemisphere in virtue of the law of *armed* natural selection. No. If they should learn that among Latin-Americans are men as wise as they, as enterprising as they, as brave and valiant as they, and should come to *know* them—and *vice-versa*—there would be at once established currents for organizing a fraternal solidarity through the natural inclination to admire and respect all that is grand and that does honor to humanity.

We Latin-Americans with all our claims of science and of valor, with all the triumphs we have gained in literature and in the arts, cannot, ought not, to aspire to this fraternity until we are united and are capable of demonstrating that we are worthy of respect and consideration and that we merit to reciprocally deal with those who call themselves great, who are great.

For this the Hispano-American University has been founded: to prevent the great evils enumerated above and to prepare us for the beautiful benefits enunciated hereafter; for this the institution prepares itself: to give to the youth of the American nations an education as uniform and complete as may be possible. For this reason the University has been regulated upon bases so universal, that it has arrived at the point of arranging the organization of teaching centres in all places in Latin-America where it may be possible to find people who desire to teach to others that which they know, while there are educated in the cloisters of the Universities of the Hispano-American University the teachers necessary for our work. The institution desires to arouse love for education in all zones and to promote especial zeal for liberty in all environments, until we secure as result that all the Latin-American governments shall declare our labors of public utility and accept our system as the most certain means of saving all Latin-America from the odious tutelage of the United States of the North, a thing as bad as all the ills which now paralyze and hold it back.

We ought to teach and maintain in purity our language, which is being threatened in its existence by our adversaries; we ought to restore the character of our brothers, corrupted by our enemies, in order to be able to regain the consistency and sincerity of former times; we have to reconquer our personality, almost lost; we have the obligation to show ourselves worthy friends or adversaries of the Colossus which threatens to devour us.

Permit me, in passing, to indicate one of the principal ills which afflicts us and which may cause our ruin if we do not bestir ourselves to extirpate it. It is one of our most attractive qualities, turned into a hindrance and a death-bearing poison, through our lack of prudence. Born from polite fathers, we have never ceased to observe the rule which commands us to sacrifice our tastes and our conveniences to the tastes and conveniences of others. The foreigner is educated in a different manner and his conduct is limited to the extremest egoism; in such wise, that when he asks something, he does it formally; and when we answer, "con mucho gusto" (with much pleasure) we have merely the intention of being courteous, nothing more. And yet, in the mind of the stranger this polite phrase signifies the favorable conclusion of that which he asks. Politeness, badly understood by the foreigner—American, and to some degree the European—is leading to the

abdication of all our rights and privileges; because, where we have desired to appear well-bred, the foreigner will compel us to fulfill our agreement by the force of arms. The foreigners who deal with us are literal and practical people, who have never been able to construe the phrase "con mucho gusto" except in the sense of a solemn concession of the thing which they desire.

If our peculiar habit of being courteous with the foreigner has caused damage in private transactions, in public and international negotiations it has been a disaster. Our enemies have drawn prodigious advantage from it. Not to seek far, I will cite as an example, the Pan-American Conferences. As the United States has been the promoters of these international reunions, the Latin-Americans who have attended them have felt placed under obligation by the gentlemen of the North, and in order to repay the favor and high honor of their meeting with us, if not from politeness, at least by weakness in saying no, have yielded to them the first place in all matters; and, as a necessary consequence, they have used this primacy against the interests of the Latin-American race and we have submitted to a shameful, humiliating and unbearable tutelage.

Fortunately for the Latin-Americans, in a happy hour Mr. Root ceased to be Secretary of State in Washington. This gentleman had made a very profound study of our character, impetuous and pusillanimous at once; he knew how to take advantage of our courtesy and knew how susceptible we are to flattery and adulation. If he had continued in that post in the government, our situation would have had no remedy. The politicians of today cause me no anxiety. The actual governors have filled Latin-America with anger, but no more. Happy the nations still capable of becoming angry. As a general rule our adversaries will take any polite phrase on our part as a cession of authority and power.

As these defects are not the patrimony of a single locality, but are universal in our race, a universal remedy and many efforts are necessary in order to give youth a suitable education, in virtue of which energy of character and courtesy shall be fraternized, counterbalanced and complemented. In order to direct the education of youth into new and more useful channels and to circumscribe it within less dangerous horizons the work of the Hispano-American University has been undertaken.

There are nations which I might cite to you as examples of the disasters of our good habits imprudently applied, but I refrain from making undesirable allusions for lack of time. Nevertheless, in general terms, in the lands where the foreigner has set his foot, with the purpose only of exploiting us, all virtues have been lost and our very personality is on the point of disappearing. From the foreigner we have only learned vices and bad manners; there are nations where the home is disappearing through the fatal example of men for whom love is a commerce and virtue a lie. There are nations where grand ideals have disappeared; where once the breeze of honorable progress blew but today is only felt the spirit of carping criticism; where once love of liberty reigned over the sea, in Central and South America, today Carthage is reborn with all its gross avarice, without reverence for morality.

Love of country, the purity of our language, regional pride, all is disappearing before the pressure of false civilization. There is no compassion for the humble; the working class is at the mercy of the boot of the foreigner with which he kicks him and makes him labor without pity, in order to obtain rapidly the fruit of the toil of the unfortunate. The foreigner has come to our country to carry away what he encounters and in return has brought us shameful vices, coarse pride, and despotism.

As Puerto Rico is subject to the same perils as the other countries of Latin-America, we have believed it proper for this country to participate in this movement of intellectual fraternity and to found here the corresponding branch of the Hispano-American University.

I have had the honor of consulting the views of the most deserving and illustrious Puerto Ricans, among them the most illustrious President of the Atheneum, upon this matter; they, with the experience of their wisdom and their years are in accord with the foundation of a free university, which enters into the movement of the Federation of International Fraternity of Latin-America, which, as all the sister branches and as the free universities of the United States and of Europe, may give opportunity to young people for acquiring a free education in accord with their resources, their facilities and their ideals. The ideals of the Hispano-American University can not be more beautiful than that all of you may with good will contribute your mite to this sublime edifice of the grandeur and the glory of our race.

I have spoken with one of the highest officials of the government of the Island and he agrees with me in the education of the people as one of the principal sources of the felicity of a country. Also, I know that the ideals of the Governor of Puerto Rico are very similar to ours and he will give us frank support and generous co-operation since he has said, or at least ought to have said, many times, that he desires the felicity of the people of Puerto Rico; and if he positively desires this felicity he will nowhere find factors more important for securing it than among Puerto Ricans learned and of character. The systems employed in Puerto Rico leave much to be desired.

Our functions are spiritual and intellectual and liberty is the law of the spirit and of the understanding; for this reason the Hispano-American University is a free University.

Nowhere is Democracy so necessary as in a University, since it is impossible to establish the difference which exists between two men unless the grade of knowledge acquired is taken into account. The professors of the Hispano-American University belong to all social categories and for the moment no salaries can be paid them beyond the small sums which the students may give them for their services. I have no doubt that the people will gradually adapt themselves to the teachers whom, at the beginning, we see ourselves forced to authorize; we do not despair that men and women of good will will prove apt for the task confided to them in teaching, and I am almost certain that the public will not oppose this system, especially since we have the necessity of forming teachers of the Latin-American soul.

In this conviction, I advise all persons who feel capable of teaching something, no matter what may

be their lack of knowledge, to place themselves in communication with the University Council, which I expect will organize itself, perhaps tonight, in this capital from the most learned and generous Puerto Ricans.

This movement is headed by a man of most noble soul and of clear vision for the future of our Continent. I am not the whole of this evolution; no, I am only a humble apostle; but while such I am invested with all the powers and all the faculties necessary for the organization of all the centres of the Hispano-American University in the different countries. The opinions which I express outside the speaker's desk or the professor's chair are my private opinions. The Hispano-American University is a pacificist institution; but when it pronounces itself in favor of war it is not in favor of that war which sheds blood, of that human folly which destroys and annihilates, but of the war which brings peace, of the war against human abuses and human errors. We are partisans of the war which counts in a constant and interminable process of reform from which it is impossible to obtain any fruit but peace. By this we apostles of the Hispano-American University are revolutionaries, since we cannot have relations with abuse nor wrong.

The Hispano-American University is about to enter life in Puerto Rico autonomous and independent. It will simply be called *University of Puerto Rico;* but if we organize merely a Puerto Rican University, for ends purely Puerto Rican, abandoning absolutely relations and understanding with our brothers of Latin-America, we shall continue in the life of isolation in which we have lived until now, with detriment to our political and social interests; but as the tendencies of the Hispano-American University are much more elevated and universal, we desire that the university which is organized in Puerto Rico shall form part of our fraternity, whose centre is in the city of San Salvador, whose branches will develop in harmony with the Supreme Council, in constant communication one with another and which bear the same name. All the branches, as I have said, are perfectly free and their relations with the Supreme Council are those of courtesy, friendship and fraternity; but that centre reserves to itself in favor of the Latin-Americans, the privilege of approving the titles given by the various Hispano-American Universities, in order that the graduates may enjoy the prerogatives and honors corresponding to its dignity in all Latin-America.

The Hispano-American University is, as you see, of a grand importance, for Puerto Rico, whether it continues as a dependent of the foreigner, or whether it resolves to be free and independent some day, you will need at least to know us and to have some relations with us; since in the first case, you will be the instrument which the foreigner separates from Latin-America in order to get possession of that which belongs to us, according to the suggestion of a publicist of the United States; and, in the second, you will be the Ark of the Covenant; that is to say, Puerto Rico will be the place of meeting of the Latin-Americans of the North, the Center and the South, and then it will be good that they may have certainty that they may arrive at the family house. Moreover, bonds of origin and history ought to attract you to us as we feel ourselves attracted to you.

* * * * *

The Hispano-American University in Puerto Rico will have its council of twenty-one as I just now said, composed of the best and most illustrious of this island in whatever place may be agreed upon for the purpose. Immediately after the council of the Hispano-American University in Puerto Rico has been organized, I will go personally through the cities and towns of the island, organizing in each locality committees dependent upon the Hispano-American University Council, also composed each one of twenty-one members, if it is possible, for the prompt development of the University.

Now, learn a new and grand thing, which will give you an idea of the sympathy which we have on the continent for Puerto Rico. The flag of your land has been placed in the midst of those of the free republics and has been consecrated and anointed with the blessed blood which makes ours so glorious and so worthy of respect. Puerto Rico is considered by Latin-Americans as a piece of our fatherland. Be assured that we always rejoice when you rejoice and that we weep with you when you have to weep. "A blow on the shoulders of the Puerto Rican people is a blow which resounds on the shoulders of the Latin-American peoples." Thus, in this same place, expressed himself not long ago a distinguished Puerto Rican orator. The orator meant well, but this did not prevent that when he, in the same discourse, suggested the Americanization of Puerto Rico, he inflicted upon us Latin-Americans, who so much love this nation, heavy blows.

Whatever may be the sentiment which this initiative arouses in you, be it of affection or of aversion, you will not deny that it is a great privilege for a land, which circumstances have rendered captive, that its free brothers raise its flag with the same respect and the same love with which they look upon those of free nations. In the same manner, whatever may be the point of view from which you consider my actuation in this movement, you cannot deny that it is motived in a high spirit of love for justice, the improvement and the well-being of humanity.

My personality is humble and my efforts only reduce themselves to the felicity of the Latin-American race, but it is not my personality that addresses you from this desk, nor is it a Colombian, nor is it a secretary; it is the Delegate-General of the Hispano-American University, the authority of which is given prestige and strength by an assemblage of men from among the noblest who live in America. It is the voice of the race, the voice which in these moments comes to your ears in demand of fraternity and in solicitude of your friendship.

Soon this youth who speaks to you tonight will abandon your shores to go to other regions, to continue the work which he has exerted himself to realize here. You have seen me arrive without ostentation and with modesty; the spokesmen of your society have given me a cordial welcome, for which I thank you tonight. Tomorrow you will see me go from door to door through all the American continent, in the name of Liberty, of Science and of Peace. I do not assure you that our ideals will everywhere be received with the generosity which I expect from you, because there are places where the soul is dead; but I do assure you that if in some places our efforts shall be sterile, this will not mean the end of our efforts.

You are then about to take part in the grandest and most noble movement which has been initiated in the

world. Our success is certain because when the ideals of the Hispano-American University are preached, there is neither cross nor Calvary which can intimidate its apostles.

Ladies and gentlemen of Puerto Rico, aid, then, the development of the Hispano-American University in this land; lay the first stone this very night; do not leave it until tomorrow; accept the noble idea, propagate it and be indulgent with its apostles, since they have no interest beyond that of the felicity and grandeur of the Latin-American race.

One moment more. I desire to call your attention to the following circumstance: before leaving Puerto Rico, I desire to have completely organized the Council of twenty-one, which the regulations of the Hispano-American University prescribes for each country; once the council of twenty-one is organized, in which each one of the councillors will represent one of the Latin-American Republics, Puerto Rico or Spain, the councillors themselves will arrange the internal direction, organize the cloister of the university, divide it into faculties and name the deans and professors; the council of twenty-one is at once the organ of the confederation of intellectual brotherhood with Latin America and the cloister of the Hispano-American University in Puerto Rico. The council of twenty-one is the basis, is the point of departure; since, unhappily, human works necessitate time and opportunities for perfecting themselves.

I am about to end. The object of the organization of twenty-one councils of the Hispano-American University, each with twenty-one members in each of the twenty-one sister nations, has been to create twenty-one moral authorities, omnipotent for the reform of the race, in such manner that when they, in the name of our holy trilogy—*Liberty, Science, Peace*—teach, decide, absolve, condemn, protest—these functions thus exercised, shall fix precedent and doctrine in the moral and material reform of the Latin-American race and constitute a defensive force insuperable in favor of whatever Latin-American is threatened with injustice. These twenty-one councils are so intimately and solidly bound together that when one cries, all give a cry in unison; when one suffers, all weep; all are united in the combat and in the propaganda; and glories, sufferings, and rejoicings are occurrences which affect one single political body.

Article 16 of the regulations of the University reads thus: By the present article it is decreed that the term of president and of the other officers is perpetual in the service of the university, especially the members of the Supreme Council; since this corporation is called to be an American International Court of Peace, American Tribunal of Arbitration, the factotum of America in scientific, political and social affairs.

Think, then, ladies and gentlemen, on such a power, on that which Puerto Rico cannot remain all its life, the toy of the caprice of one man, on that Uncle Sam will concede nothing to Puerto Rico voluntarily and to the good; and do not hesitate to give adhesion to this community of brothers, who go in search of the golden fleece of the unity and grandeur of our race. Union is our remedy. *I have spoken.*

Sources of Strength

How can she be so calm, cheerful and strong? I asked myself as I thought of the plight of a young woman whose aged father lay on his deathbed, whose only sister was at the point of death in an adjoining room, and whose mother, weak and frail, nervously and often in tears went back and forth from husband to daughter in futile ministries.

Acquaintances of mine, I had called on the family one evening to give any aid that I could. I had staid away until information reached me that the family,—four persons with a slender income living in a stuffy apartment, near the busy heart of a great metropolis,—were in dire trouble with sickness. A man whose nature is ineffectively sympathetic rather than radiantly stimulating hesitates to inflict himself upon a stricken family. I have not the art of healing, so I spare my bedridden friends the burden of my presence; but forgetting my misfortune for the time being, I called to see the Smiths. Perhaps too much thinking about my uselessness at a bedside was of less importance than trying to do something. Perhaps experience would accomplish more than philosophizing about an ideal sickroom attitude.

I found a little hospital in which one member of the family was nurse, cook and—sunshine. I knew that she was a graduate of a noted university, and versatilely capable; but I had never imagined her as a real heroine in an actual crisis. She was not a society girl; she was physically unattractive; spinsterhood was hers; the future could not lure her with the glitter which it holds out to young women with superficial charms, youth, wealth and—butterfly heads.

But I made a discovery. I found in the most unexpected place a human brick of golden stuff. She was cheery, untroubled and intelligently busy. After we had together visited the sick and talked with her aged mother, we went into the little library. On the table were several books. Glancing at the titles I caught Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus. The small copies were much worn. How companionable they looked. They had been carried in shopping bags and been close to the gas stove; at any rate this would be my guess. A girl accompanied to a grocery store or downtown by a stoic philosopher whom she loves and understands does not worry about a suitor or the caprices of the fates. Neither does she waste her strength in tears, fear and emotion. She courageously faces her daily problems.

My acquaintance did not mar a delightful visit by hauling either of her old comrades into the limelight in a sentimental confessional; she spoke eloquently of their society by what she had done and was doing. She had been drawn by the force of thinking to these old journeymen, and they had awakened in her that life which gives strength, high resolve, definite purpose and a tranquil mind. It was upon this splendid resource that she was drawing in fighting her battles and winning her victories.

A sickroom in which Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus appear in their glorious immortality is a good place for the afflicted.

Chicago. DEWITT C. WING.

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TOWER HILL NOTES

Last week we tried to give some suggestion of the work being done on Tower Hill in the studies in Musical Appreciation by Mrs. Cora Stanton Brown and in the acquaintance with the wild things of the Hill by Miss Bertha Howe.

Meanwhile, the Hill Conductor has been continuing the studies in Religion, which have been the prominent feature of the Summer School from its beginning. This year we come for the fourth time to the first year of the seven years' course, a study of "Beginnings," or the Life of Primitive Man, studied first from his own standpoint, that of the myth, the guess by which he tried to account to himself for the baffling phenomena in nature which he was curious of learning from without and within; and studied secondly in the light of science, the more or less verified guess of the latter-day man. In this way we have discussed such problems as must have occupied the child-mind in the early days from the dawn of intellect: How the World Was Made, The Deluge, The Antiquity of Man, Man's First Home, How Language Began, How Tools Began, The Evolution of Dress and The Domestication of Animals; such problems as stir the child-mind today with curiosity and awe. These talks are not all one-sided, neither are they all made of ancient history, or of science verified at the end of a telescope or in the laboratory. The old problems are stirring the heart today as in the olden times, and relate themselves to the latest and most practical questions, often in most unexpected ways. We are always glad when we have a minister or two in the class, as is the case part of the time this year, for this insures encountering a number of other views from other angles, which are always heartily welcomed on Tower Hill. Pastor Helming, of the University Congregational Church, Chicago, is with us for the season, and Mr. Gilmore, of the Unitarian Church of Madison, has been with us for the past ten days, and both have lent new interest to our studies by their frank and thoughtful differences on non-essentials as well as by their hearty support of cardinal principles.

Among the lay members of the class, questions of dress and convention have aroused the most earnest comment, discussion and argument, for Ruskin's three deadly D's, Dress, Diet and Debt, have come in for their share of study. It is not enough to condemn, even if all were persuaded of the wrong involved, for especially in matters of dress, and more especially concerning woman's dress, we have yet to learn the first principles of hygiene and economy—that true economy which consults not alone the wearer, but the brain and muscle and nerve all along the line, from that of sheep-herding or cotton picking, through factory operator and shop girl, to the ultimate consumer, who is but one of a long series of links in the chain, each of which is entitled to its meed of consideration. Economy is a word which should be lifted out of its narrow selfishness in its application to the mere individual, and expanded to include the race. It should become generic rather than specific. From this viewpoint how brainless and headless as well as heartless are the Bradley-Martin economics which justifies its thousands spent on flowers for the ballroom decorations of a single night on the pitiful plea that these wicked extravagances give employment to the poor and put money in circulation. For such base economy does my lady feel a spasm of virtue when she dons her costly gown, which she argues has been the means of putting bread into the mouths of hungry seamstresses,—as if a reasonable amount of plain sewing paid for at honest prices might not serve the case as well as an unreasonable amount paid for at starvation wages.

The headgear and footwear of women came in for a good share of one session in this study of archeology brought down to date, "For you are, every one of you, in your dress, walking encyclopedias of archæology," said the leader, and proceeded to prove his point by a series of illustrations which, strange to say, were mostly taken from the dress of men, though it was the costuming of women which was being held up for condemnation, and justly so; for it cannot be questioned that woman is trailing along some three or four hundred years after man in the evolution of dress.

As was to be expected in this crowd of sensible Tower Hill women, there was no one found to justify or even apologize for the hat trimmed with murdered birds, or willow plumes made by murdered babes; and the artificial flowers to whose making five hundred babies from four to fourteen in New York alone are sacrificing their lives were convicted in the thrilling lines of Florence Wilkinson's searching poem, "The Flower Factory."

We are not settling these hot questions on Tower Hill, but we are helping to raise them. We are allowing ourselves to be made unhappy by them for a little time, and that is something, for the human soul is so made that it cannot forever go on suffering over things that the human mind can remedy. It must arouse itself and in time do away with these iniquities, these short-range economies in men's and women's lives. And if one is willing to be made thoroughly wretched for a little while over the miseries of the other half of the world —though we are learning now that there is no "other half," for the line between is nowhere,—let him read a novel that is relating itself to these vacation days on the Hill, Brand Whitlock's "Turn of the Balance," dedicated to the memory of Samuel Jones. It is a book that shows the human misery of the life in our great cities, but shows too the hope that is justified by the sympathy and courage in the hearts of these same miserable human beings. There is great hope in the undoubtable fact that these hot problems are not so much being wrestled with as they are wrestling with the minds and consciences of men everywhere these twentieth century days.

The senior editor of UNITY, in company with a Tower Hill party, took a drive a few days ago to visit the bedside of Elder Loomis, an old ministerial friend of UNITY, widely known to some of its older readers, and dear to Wisconsin memories, who is suffering and struggling with the infirmities of his eighty-two years; but the conversation at that bedside was not of personal suffering, of individual hopes, or even of family or neighborhood interests. The old man had sent for his friend to consult with him in regard to a purely impersonal problem which was eating at his heart,—a suggestion which he wanted to breathe into a hearing ear and a fertile heart for the elevation of a race, —an inferior race so-called, the Negro. In self-forgetfulness like this lies the world's help. E. H. W.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, July 31, 1911.

UNITARIAN GROVE MEETINGS AT WEIRS, N. H.

Last year Unitarian Grove meetings were resumed at Weirs, N. H., and this year the meetings were held from August 6 to 9 inclusive. Among the topics which were considered at these meetings were "Reform Problems of America," "The Relation of the Church to Civic Life," and "Unitarian Missionary Movements."

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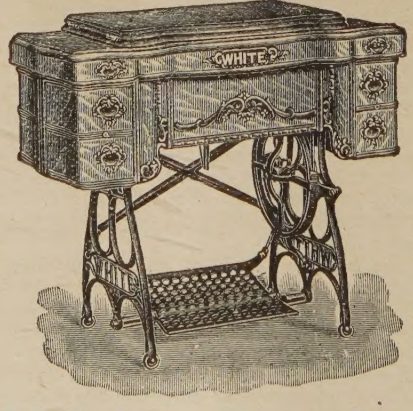
Our No. 35
Rolled Edge Automatic Lift White



A handsome, finely finished machine, furnished with Rolled Edge Renaissance design woodwork, in quarter-sawed golden oak, fitted with automatic lift, nickel plated hand-wheel, beautiful hanging center panel, three drawers at each end of table, ball-bearings, and a complete set of the latest style steel attachments.

Repairs and Parts for All Machines.

Machines Taken in Exchange.

White Sewing Machine Co.
GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager.
TELEPHONE CENTRAL 480. 105 Wabash Avenue, Chicago